

## **Daisies Perched Upon Your Forehead (March 1986) by floatingdreams**

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**Summary:**

Taking a hesitant step forward, El watched as Mike's head whipped around; his eyes dawning a look of desperation as he eagerly scanned through the people surrounding him. Using his scrawny arms to his advantage, he broke through dozens of humans until he finally found her. There she was in her stunning glory, seemingly swaying on her feet as she looked right back at him.

[My take on the rumored Mileven airport reunion]

## Daisies Perched Upon Your Forehead (March 1986)

### Author's Note:

This one shot is based on the rumors of Mileven possibly reuniting in an airport & exchanging yellow flowers. Thank you to free\_butterfly for inspiring me to write this fun little prompt!

\*\*\* “Going to California with an aching in my heart,  
Someone told me there's a girl out there with love in her eyes &  
flowers in her hair” - Led Zeppelin \*\*\*

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Right near the Byers new home sat a land of technicolor. The green grass skirted along at ankle length and was kissed with thousands of white clovers. Blue and orange butterflies chased one another across the meadow as the birds on nearby trees chirped. It was a sacred place that had become home for one of Hawkins finest heroes.

As Jonathan made his way out into the field, his eyes immediately recognized his flannel-clad sister perched right there in the middle of it all. The sun's rays were beating on her in an enchanting way; almost like heaven was calling upon her angelic presence. Jonathan hated to disturb her in the only place she has been able to find peace, but there was something that they needed to tend to.

Meanwhile, El was in a dazed trance as her eyes peered up in wonder at the clouds above her. She admired their wispy appearance as she turned their shapes into stories within her mind. She watched as a cluster of clouds passed; a smile gracing her face as she noted that they looked like a couple holding hands. At that thought, she felt her heart ache as she yearned to be near her favorite person. She'd recently been having darkly detailed nightmares of horrors that she knew could be honest premonitions, and she wanted nothing more than to seek comfort from them within Mike's arms.

Just as a hole within her chest threatened to form, Eleven recognized rustling steps approaching her. As she sat up, a shy grin appeared on

her face. A small sigh escaped her lips as she questioned, "have I been out here too long?"

"Only a few hours," Jonathan quickly replied as he sat alongside of her. He watched El pluck out a few blades of grass before taking notice of the two halo sized crowns she had woven from the nearby budding flowers. Ruffling her hair, he asked, "who'd you make the flower crowns for this time?"

A light fuchsia blush bled into her cheeks as she murmured, "sometimes I make them for you, Will or Joyce," El paused as her lower lip threatened to wobble. Looking at the watch on her wrist and thinking about the boy that once owned it, she softly admitted, "usually I make them for Mike. I've never been able to give him anything, and I know he'd really like it here."

Feeling a tug in his heart at her quiet words, Jonathan silently took ahold of her hand. He squeezed her palm as he said, "I'm sure he would love anywhere he was with you. I bet he would sit here for hours rambling to you about movies or he'd write new D&D campaigns here with your help."

"That would be nice," Eleven hummed. As bad as it seemed, she didn't want to stay on the subject too long. Missing Mike lately felt too unbearable, and she could feel her restraint against the tears building in her eyes beginning to falter. Mustering her courage, El stood up and proposed, "wanna head back home and show me some more music? We still didn't finish the Joy Division vinyl."

Declining El's requests had become nearly impossible for Jonathan. The girl had effortlessly nestled a tender spot in his heart as his baby sister, and after everything she had endured in her lifetime, he found it difficult not to give her anything she asked for. However, what she didn't know was that he had something else planned. Ever since the fated events that unfolded at Starcourt, all's Jonathan has wanted is to see the younger teen experience some joy. Cruelty had struck her too many times, so he was determined to cater light into her life.

Scratching his head in search of an excuse, Jonathan elaborately explained, "I actually have to work on my project for photography class. I have to take some pictures of people expressing different

emotions." Placing enthusiasm within his tone, Jonathan went on to ask, "want to join me?"

Eleven squinted her eyes as she scanned her brother's form. He was nervously biting the fingernail on his thumb as his foot unevenly tapped; both blatant signs of anxiety ridden signals. El had become quite good at reading people, which is why it didn't take her very long to register that Jonathan was lying. Apart of her wanted to interrogate him in search of honest clarity, but her curiosity was winning her over.

"Where are we headed?" El giddily questioned.

Sighing with some relief, Jonathan vaguely stated, "you'll see."

Just before the brother & sister vacated the meadow, Jonathan took one last glance at the flower crowns El had crafted. The yellow daisies and golden sunflowers she had used seemed to captivate a message of hope. As Jonathan walked away from the spot, he sported a smile on his face as he thought about how soon her beautiful crowns would find their rightful owners.

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Nearly an hour later, El found herself absolutely drowning within uncertainty. As she looked around the large facility, she took in the sight of many reuniting families. She found herself smiling at the sight of couples kissing and parents twirling their children within heartfelt hugs.

Still, confusion had warped Eleven's mind. For the fifth time since they had arrived, she found herself once again questioning, "I know you said this is apart of your assignment, but why'd we have to come out here for it?"

"Because it's unique," Jonathan casually shrugged before snapping another picture of friends embracing. Checking the clock on the wall, he subtly probed, "we should get closer to the terminal over here."

With furrowed brows, El carefully followed after him. It was only a few seconds later that a striking sensation rattled her core. It was

almost like the dormant organ within her chest had awoken for the first time in months as she felt goosebumps rupture along her smooth skin. The first thing that gave it away was the sight of his unruly curled hair that easily stood out amongst the crowds due to his lanky height. The second thing that made it obvious was his typical striped t-shirt; a true Mike Wheeler trademark.

A series of stunned tears cascaded down Eleven's cheeks as she felt the emptiness within her vacate. She wanted nothing more than to throw herself into his arms, but she was afraid that if she did she would wake up from this perfect dream.

Jonathan subtly bumped her shoulder and brightly encouraged, "go on. I'll be waiting here for you two."

Taking a hesitant step forward, El watched as Mike's head whipped around; his eyes dawning a look of desperation as he eagerly scanned through the people surrounding him. Using his scrawny arms to his advantage, he broke through dozens of humans until he finally found her. There she was in her stunning glory, seemingly swaying on her feet as she looked right back at him. For a moment, the pair felt like they had been transported back to Hawkins Middle School. Seeing one another here felt otherworldly; just as it had when their eyes first met at the Snow Ball dance.

Mike's mouth turned dry as he recognized one of his old flannel shirts hanging off of his girlfriend's frame. The skin of her sun kissed collarbones drew him in as his feet took a baited step forward. He watched El as she approached him; her precious dimples beginning to appear more vividly the closer they got to one another.

When there was only three inches left separating the duo, it was Mike who moved first. His long fingers cradled her face in his hands; a smile effortlessly working its way to his lips as he felt her palms grab ahold of his face as well. The two gazed at each other in disbelief for a moment longer before El bravely rose up to her tippy toes and pressed her lips upon his. A whimper of relief exchanged between the pair as they indulged in the safe taste of their souls returning home.

The kiss lasted only a few seconds more before their arms strongly wrapped around one another. With his head buried in the crook of

her neck, Mike whispered, "hi beautiful."

Looking up from his chest in awe, El gently cried, "M-Mike, is this real? How are you here?"

"Well, I just got off that plane," he jokingly retorted, placing a peck to the side of her head as he explained, "Nancy told Jonathan I was a mess without you, so they came up with a plan to get me here for spring break."

Stepping away from their embrace, El's hands clung onto Mike's arm as she smirked, "couldn't survive without your girlfriend?"

Mike playfully pinched Eleven's waist before he pulled her closer to his side. A warm burst of butterflies simmered in his belly as he admired her soft doe eyes. Holding her here made him feel fully intact; almost like it was unnatural for the two of them to be apart. She had simply become his lifeline. The sole thing in this universe that allowed him to feel complete.

"No, I really couldn't," Mike admitted without any ounce of shame.

Before they could exchange any more words, Jonathan came bounding over to them with an excited look on his face. The oldest Byers sibling gushed about the amazing photos he was able to capture of the two reuniting as the three of them made their way back to the car. On the drive home, Mike and El practically sat on top of one another in the backseat. As the girl pointed out specific landmarks along the way, Mike couldn't even manage to spare them a brief glance. His eyes greedily remained hooked upon the work of art that was nestled against his side.

Once they had arrived at the Byers, Jonathan parted ways with the couple as he took Mike's bags into their home. With a tug upon his hand, Eleven pleasantly guided her boyfriend deeper into the meadow she loved. Settling in the same spot she had sat earlier, a flicker of light entered her mind.

Presenting the crown of yellow flowers she had made earlier, El explained, "this is the only place where I feel like I belong in California. I come out here when I'm missing Hawkins, the party,

Hopper... you." She stopped for a moment, delicately leaning forward to place the crown of flowers upon Mike's head as she continued, "you gave me a home and happiness, and I can't help but think I've never given you anything in return. It's stupid, but this is all I have to give you for now."

Watching as El placed the other arrangement of flowers on top of her own wavy brunette hair, Mike felt a fuse of emotions explode within him. Here he was; sitting in a beautiful scenery, but even still, he couldn't manage to take his eyes off of the only girl he would ever love.

"You've given me everything," Mike instantly blurted out. As El's honey brown orbs locked on his, all of the words that had piled up within him over the past few months felt as though they could be condensed into something so small and simple, yet astronomically important. "You are everything."

As Mike gazed at El, he knew that he was never going to want or need something as much as he wanted her. She was the key to his happiness; the owner of his heart. The way her nose scrunched when she laughed and the feel of her fingers intertwined with his all created the sweet symphony of his livelihood. And even though he knew that she knew this by now, the three words engraved on his heart that only belonged to her finally broke free from his lips.

"I love you, El."

The sun's setting rays painted orange radiance upon their skin as they shared equally beaming smiles. The two were still in a state of disbelief; almost believing this moment was too good to be true. Even though brewing darkness crept right beneath them, there were other days left for them to address the maddening threats from the upside down. Because right now, as El rested her head upon Mike's shoulder, all of the world's outstanding struggles washed away as she reiterated the message he would never tire of hearing.

"I love you too."

Foreheads pressed together and lips softly meeting, Mike and El relished in their slice of temporary heaven. Although they only had

this week, the pair knew that an entire lifetime was left ahead of them. And that was a promise they would desperately latch onto until the end of their time.

Distance was known to create fondness, but nothing more profound could compare to the power their conjoined souls had established.

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### **Author's Note:**

Well, there's my sweet little version of a Mileven airport reunion! As always, please feel welcome to connect with me about all things Mileven on Instagram — my username is @ eggohopper (:

Sending you all my love & well wishes!

Mel♥☐